

THE FIELD IS THE WORLD

VOL. 12.

August, 1889.

NO. 8.

The Missionary Helper

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY THE

FREE-BAPTIST

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

BOSTON.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL:—

Note.	253
They Count on 'Lecture Day.	254
Notes.	256

IN GENERAL:—

For the Missionary Concert.	256
A Worthy Object. <i>M. S. Waterman.</i>	256
Dress Reform in Japan. <i>Sel.</i>	257
The Liquor Traffic in Africa. <i>Sel.</i>	258
District Conventions. <i>Sel.</i>	259
A New Revelation. <i>Sel.</i>	261
Christ Came to Save Sinners. <i>Sel.</i>	262
Miss Ida Orissa Phillips. <i>Laura A. DeMeritte.</i>	263

PAGE.

FROM THE FIELD:—

Food versus Appetite. <i>H. M. B.</i>	266
Letter from Native Worker.	268

HELPS FOR MONTHLY MEETINGS. 269

HOME DEPARTMENT:—

"He Leadeth Me" (poetry). <i>Sel.</i>	272
Practical Consecration. <i>Sel.</i>	273
Health Notes.	275
Don't be Selfish. <i>Sel.</i>	276

WORDS FROM HOME WORKERS. 277

CHILDREN'S NICHE:—

Little Lamplighters' Hymn (poetry). <i>Sel.</i>	281
How Cents Became Dollars. <i>E. G. W.</i>	282
A Christian Stairway. <i>Sel.</i>	282

CONTRIBUTIONS. 287

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VOL. XII.

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THE growth of the vacation habit is something quite remarkable. The papers have made sport of the people who leave ample homes for snug quarters at sea-shore or in the country, but the people go as much as ever. And they will continue to do so more and more. This world is not our home. A love of change, a longing for something that shall satisfy craving elements in our natures, are essentials of our existence here. A striving to get as much as possible out of this life by drawing from all the resources of nature is a natural condition. That striving will continue until the unfilled soul finds perfect satisfaction in the presence of its Redeemer, and breathes its native air in heaven. Until that time comes, it is life-giving and life-developing to seek a certain amount of change in surroundings and requirements.

Ocean Park has done good service in furnishing an opportunity for those of like faith to meet for summer rest, recreation, and development, and in providing for all who desire to test its advantages most hospitable welcome, a healthful quiet, or a chance for "nature to caper," according to personal needs. The development has been steady, and those who have gone there annually have been surprised to find how each season has surpassed the preceding one in opportunities for culture. To

those who love old Ocean, he is never the same. His constantly changing phases rest and quiet the overwrought nerves, while Maine's tall, ancient pines whisper the same soothing melody that has made music there so long and has never been reproduced by aught else. There is a sense of rest in just looking up into their branches and wondering how long they have been there, and how they could be so patient while growing so slowly, and we go back into life's fever with pulses more cool and steady, and find it easier to be patient with the old world while good things grow imperceptibly.

THEY COUNT ON 'LECTION DAY.

"**H**OW many grandchildren have you?" we asked our veteran washer-woman.

"Well, mum, Mary has five, and John, he has seven, and there's two of 'em Maggie's."

"Ah, then you have fourteen. You must take a good deal of pride in them."

"Yis. An' there's only two girls in the lot. The rest is all boys, and they'll count when 'lection day comes."

She said this with such a twinkle of her eyes and such an apparent consciousness of its full meaning that it suggested a condition of things of the deepest import to our country and to the world. The nations of the earth are sending their representatives to our shores. The ballot is soon placed in their hands, and they seek to introduce into our national life the lower ideals which they bring with them. Our nation thus suffers deterioration.

There is, therefore, not only a powerful incentive to the thoughtful American to bring to bear the most vigorous possible home missionary influences, for the good that can be done to individuals, but as a preservative to our country's healthful life.

Never did a nation have so severe a test. The Catholic washer-woman above referred to, unable either to read or write,

is keener in her appreciation of the meaning of the ballot in the hands of those twelve grandsons than two-thirds of our Protestant women. She knows the policy of her church to be to get as much control as possible in the State. She believes in and rejoices in such a policy.

Home missionary work among the degraded in our large cities is the thing that must be more vigorously used to counteract the bad influences, if the government of those cities is to become a success morally. Said a minister in Rhode Island, "I did not know there were such specimens of humanity in the State, as I saw led, in some cases pushed, up to the polls, to vote for the repeal of our prohibitory amendment." The politicians, subservient to the liquor interest, are wiser in their generation than the children of light. Their voting list contains the name of every man who can be used to further their purposes. Suppose that, through evangelistic union work, the names of all these men, and of the women, too, could be obtained as a medium through which to bring to bear good influences upon families, neighborhoods, and States! The task would be harder than that of the political trickster, who uses the lowest motives and handles plenty of money; but the "all power" given to our Saviour and through him to his people is equal even to so great needs as these, and earnest efforts will be crowned with success.

If America, the country which, above all nations, ought to be the center from which Christian influences irradiate the globe, is to become deteriorated in its own life, instead of using the power which it may have in uplifting itself and others, its days will be numbered, and God will find new media for the advancement of his truth.

THE Gospel is cosmopolitan and universal in all its aspects; it knows nothing of a favored land, a peculiar people, or limits to Christian love, and service, and duty.—*Dr. Fudson Smith.*

FOR THE MISSIONARY CONCERT.

WOULD not our Sunday-schools and Auxiliaries like to own "Missionary Exercises," a book of 192 pages, containing recitations and dialogues appropriate for missionary concerts and all missionary meetings? Price, 35 cents. The concert may be enlivened with our song, "Holy, Holy, Ever Holy," costing five cents per sheet, or thirty-six cents per dozen sheets.

Contributions to the Literature Fund for the past two months have been as follows :—

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Mrs. J. B. Maxwell, Onsted, Mich.01

Forward contributions to the Fund, and applications for the book and song to Mrs. I. E. G. MEADER, 14 White St., Pawtucket, R. I.

A WORTHY OBJECT.

BY M. S. WATERMAN.

MRS. BREWSTER'S appeal for help for Myrtle Hall has reached some hearts and called forth some practical response, but ought not this word to be sounded out loud and long, so that many more may hear? Those thirty-six rooms in Myrtle Hall need refurnishing. What is needed? This much for each room at least : Ticking for double bed ; comforter to cover straw bed (a white one would be well) ; three or four sheets, two and a half yards long when made ; pillow-cases, forty inches wide ; one blanket, comforter, white spread, and towels.

A bedroom set for each room would be very nice, and not expensive, bought in quantity, probably not more than \$15.00.

Will not churches and Sunday-schools raise this amount and send to Prof. Brackett for the furniture now, and get the other things ready to send before General Conference, when all these things will be needed?

Mrs. Brewster says, "The standard works in the library are not many; and attractive literature, magazines, etc., are almost wanting." Who will send books — good books, not trash — for that library?

All who have the privilege of going to General Conference are requested to carry a good standard work and place it in the library.

DRESS REFORM IN JAPAN.

THE nations that are becoming gradually Christianized are making rapid strides toward a higher civilization. This is particularly true of Japan. The empress of that country has recently issued a proclamation which is designed to change the present dress of the Japanese women to the European style of apparel.

It appears that in olden times the female dress in Japan consisted of a skirt and a tunic. The skirt was red. Some women wore an additional underskirt, but the law soon put down this abuse. Such was the fashion for many years. Then came schisms in the Imperial family, civil wars, times of trouble and misery, during which the women were compelled to do without their skirt and only retain the tunic, which was made rather longer than before. A belt held the garment round the waist, recently it was more shaped, and thus the present loose gown became the fashion of the country. This garment has offended the æsthetic feelings of the empress, who contends that since European fashions exactly correspond to the ancient Japanese custom of the skirt and tunic, it is desirable that the women of Japan should return to the garb of their grandmothers.

"It is extremely difficult," says the remarkable manifesto in conclusion, "to avoid superfluous expenses in returning to the customs of other days. If, however, every woman wears her clothes according to her means and her position, studying simplicity and avoiding extravagance, we shall attain our object. In undertaking to explain my views on the subject of women's

dress reform, I have expressed my hopes and my convictions."

It appears that the reform has been almost universally adopted at Tokio, while in the provinces women are more slow in their acceptance of the new garbs. The Empress of Japan, it is interesting to note, orders the "fashions of the olden times" from Berlin; but most Japanese ladies have a preference for clothes from Paris.—*Young People's Weekly*.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC IN AFRICA.

THE curse which the liquor traffic is inflicting upon Africa was the subject of a recent debate in the English House of Lords. The Duke of Westminster and others gave distressing accounts of the condition of things on the African coast. The *Liverpool Mercury* thus summarizes the debate:—

"The European settlements, instead of being centers of civilization and light and moral healthfulness, were spoken of as being rather cancerous sores, thrusting their roots deeper and deeper into the land, spreading disease and death. The cause of all this is the immense importation, constantly going on, of cheap spirits, especially gin, and in some districts of rum. The natives are said to become completely demoralized when these fiery and poisonous compounds are brought within their reach. Every production of their country is brought to the traders to be exchanged for them, and instead of bales of merchandise kegs of spirits are taken into the interior, to be the fruitful cause of poverty and misery of every kind. The appeals made to the Government to do its utmost to check the traffic were based on trade considerations as well as humanitarian ideas. It was stated that the demand for cotton goods and other products of civilization begins to decline when gin is introduced, and commercial enterprises to languish. In replying on behalf of the Government, Lord Knutsford admitted the serious character of the evils complained of, and detailed the steps that have been taken to remedy them in Basutoland and Bechuanaland. The

laws in those districts affecting the sale of drink to natives are of a very stringent character ; but great difficulty is experienced in enforcing them, while in Zululand beneficial effects have already been produced. On the West Coast, however, the state of things is very bad. Only portions of the coast are under control of the British Government, and to forbid the importation of spirits would merely result in the trade being transferred to districts where other Powers have settlements. Only concerted action could be effectual, and this would be difficult, if not impossible, of attainment. In conclusion, Lord Knutsford assured the Duke of Westminster that the appeal he had made would not be in vain, but that all possible steps should be taken to lessen the terrible evils which are desolating large portions of Africa through the drink traffic, which some speakers described as causing more misery than the slave trade."—*Sel.*

DISTRICT CONVENTIONS.

[Isabella Thoburn gives, in *Heathen Woman's Friend*, some advice in regard to District Conventions, so applicable to our own needs that we give our readers the benefit of it.]

"WILL you give me some help in making up my programme for my District Convention? This is my first experience, and I am a little puzzled to know what should be done."

So writes a new secretary, and the object of her request was so important, and advice so cheap, that it was gladly given, in substance as follows :—

Give the best hours of your meeting to the reports from Auxiliaries and the discussion of methods of work, allowing a good margin of time. Nothing is of so much interest to visitors, and nothing so helpful to the delegates. As iron sharpeneth iron, they quicken each other. They learn from each other's successes and failures, get new ideas and new zeal, and go back to flickering and dying Auxiliaries to revive and inspire them. Ask for definite reports, in which numbers of members, and

numbers of subscribers to missionary magazines, and dues, and special gifts, are clearly stated. If the reader of the report cannot make herself heard, have these items repeated for the benefit of all, and then have the secretary give the totals of these returns, so that every one present will understand what the district has done.

Next in effective importance to the reports is the instructive part of the programme. This consists of papers and addresses, short, on local and foreign work, from either local or foreign workers. Here, also, should be a margin of time for questions and answers. The reading of a good paper should call forth discussion of its subject. To this part of the programme belong the maps and charts that are too often left out altogether. Such work should be assigned to representatives of young ladies' societies or children's bands. These have almost no place in the district conventions. If they cannot send delegates, should they not have representatives and a part in the serious work of the convention?

After the reports, and the helps, and the business, if there is any time over, put in the recitations, and the solos, and duets; but do not take time so precious that it is sacred, for mere entertainment, when you have come together to work. An appropriate hymn, or part of a hymn that every one can sing, or that one or a few persons can sing well with the understanding, or an earnest prayer, are the best possible interludes to the business of a district convention. It is not a place of exhibition for any one's talent, any more than it is a place of entertainment.

A district convention is such a beneficial agent in promoting all the best interests of our work, that its right uses should be well considered. This is my apology for extending the advice asked by a friend, to those who have not asked and may not desire it.

“God loveth a cheerful giver.”

A NEW REVELATION.

A MISSIONARY one day found, in canvassing, a very sick woman. One little girl, about eleven years old, seemed to have all the care of her mother, receiving only complaining words in return. The fact was reported to the nurse of the district in which they lived, and next day she appeared smilingly at the bedside. With a grim, questioning expression of countenance the woman turned toward her, saying: "I've had enough ladies to come and look at me." "Indeed you have; no more shall come; but I will bathe your head, and make you feel better." "No, you won't; I don't want to be touched." Nothing daunted, the nurse unbuttoned her jacket, put on her apron, all the time smiling, and cheerfully commenting on the poor consumptive's condition and how much better she would soon feel. With the gentle touch God-given to every good nurse, and the tact given to some women, the sick woman was soon brought to a state of comparatively blissful quiet. Watching every movement of the nurse, she finally looked earnestly in her face, as she said: "Why, I never was treated this way before; the Catholics never do this way." As the bath proceeded, and the tender skin, just showing signs of bed-sores, was treated so as to prevent their advance, the nurse said to the little girl: "Katie, you run around to the church, and get a lovely Easter lily I have there growing in a pot; say I sent you, and bring it here to cheer your mother." Only a few minutes passed before she came with radiant face and the lily. At first it seemed a little out of place in such surroundings, but it soon began its mission. The heart of the querulous invalid yielded to its sweet influence, and she was soon intently listening to the wonderful verse which tells how much "God loved the world," of his wonderful gift and the gracious "whosoever," which was dwelt on for a moment. Katie, too, was ready to promise to do all the things her mother should require, as the lily was placed where the feeble woman could more easily see its

beauty. Then the bottles, etc., were placed in a safe place, "till I come to-morrow," nurse said, and not an objection was raised. A new revelation had come to this woman; we hope she may be brought to a new life; but now the seed has only been received, it has not germinated, as was plainly shown by the harsh words addressed to Katie, which fell on the ear of the departing nurse: "Don't let me know of *you* laying your hand on that lily, do you hear?"—*Lutheran Miss. Journal.*

CHRIST CAME TO SAVE SINNERS.

A MISSIONARY just arrived in India could not speak to the people, for he had not learned their language. "What am I to do?" he sadly thought. "It will take me months to learn Hindi; and, meanwhile, the poor people are living and dying in heathen darkness."

Then God put a beautiful plan into his head. "I cannot *speak* to the natives," he said to himself, "but I can *write*."

So he got down his Bible, and carefully copied out a number of texts, such as "God is love," "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," etc., each on a separate bit of paper, and then he went out into the high road, and gave one to each person he met. And he went on giving away the wonderful words of life, though he saw no result.

At last, one day, when he was in a different town, a Hindu came to him to ask him to come and see a dying man in a village some way off. The missionary went at once, and found the man very ill, but when he saw the missionary a look of joy came over his face. "Tell me more words of Jesus," he exclaimed, "for I am going to be with him in heaven; and I want to know more about him first."

"Are you a Christian?" asked the missionary in surprise.

"Yes," said the dying man. "Thank God, I am not afraid to die, for '*Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.*'"

"What missionary taught you this?" asked his visitor.

"No missionary ever taught me," was the reply; "I never saw a missionary till I saw you just now."

"How then did you learn our faith?" asked the missionary.

"I learned it thus," answered the dying Christian: "There was an English missionary in a place a long way off; and he used every day to write verses from the Bible, and give them to the passers-by. Some of the people of our village used to pass the missionary's house, and from time to time got these texts—a different one each time—and gave them to me, because I had learned to read, and most of our people could not do so." Here the poor man drew from under his pillow a number of worn and faded pieces of paper with texts written on them. "I read them again and again," he said, "and saw how much better Christ's religion is than ours, and at last I became a Christian."

This was *one* result of that missionary's work. Do you think after that he ever felt he had labored in vain?—*Sunrise for India.*

MISS IDA ORISSA PHILLIPS.

DEAR Light, that shone so full and free,
For straying souls in darkened lands,
Blown out too soon, we mourn for thee
With blinding tears and clasping hands.
Blown out? Ah, no, but grown too bright,
Too strong, too sweet, for mortal eyes.
The life flame, lifted out of sight,
Burns clearer now beyond the skies.

The little children call thy name, —
Their torch of Truth thy love didst bear.
Who waits to lift the earthward flame,
And kindle hope in heart-despair?
We know not, still our trust is true
To Him who always answereth;
We only know that Love sweeps through
The mystery of life and death.—*Hopestill Farnham.*

Before this *HELPER* reaches its readers, most will know of the sad bereavement which has fallen upon the family of Miss Ida O. Phillips, and upon our India mission. Many who knew her personally, and many who knew her as the children's missionary will unite their tears of sympathy with those of the sorrowing ones.

To a small circle of friends it was known several weeks ago that Miss Phillips was suffering from "nervous debility," accompanied with mental derangement, caused by overwork. It was this which ended her life so suddenly and so sadly on the morning of July 5.

She was born July 24, 1856. The thirty-three years of life have been literally full of enthusiastic mission-work. For, as early as eight years of age, when she went with her parents to India, its development commenced, and her passion for the work burned out her human life. At this early age she was very eager to go, saying to a friend: "The first thing I will do when I get to India will be to learn the language. But I can help mamma in the schools and give pice to the children." It was during these years that India was visited by a terrible famine, in 1866. Her mother has said of her that she was of more assistance at that time than any one whose services they could secure.

In 1869 she returned to America, graduated at Hillsdale College, going back to India in 1877. She was sent out by the Woman's Missionary Society at the early age of twenty-one years, — our first missionary to remain the full term of years at her post, our youngest, and as *our* missionary, the first to give up work for reward. She was also the children's missionary, and many bands took one or more shares of her salary. To such her memory will always be especially dear.

During the ten years of service she was stationed at Balasore, and had charge of schools under control of the Woman's Society. She was prompt, executive, enthusiastic, and intensely in love with the work. Her coming home in 1887 was for a well-

earned rest. But at once appeals were made to her to visit the churches. Her heart was so full of the mission cause that it was not in her to refuse. And so from that time to within a few weeks of her death she never knew rest. The calls were many and urgent. One, in Dakota, when asking that she might visit his people this summer, said to her sister: "We will not ask her to talk if she is not able,—it inspires my people only to look at her. She has put more missionary enthusiasm into my people than any or all speakers they have ever heard. She ought never to leave the country; she can do so much for India here." To such appeals she yielded until her brain could not obey the demands of her spirit.

Her last work was done in the State of Iowa, and closed April 14. Up to this time it was expected that she would return to India this fall. And the little band of workers there, including her mother and sister, are even now, probably, expectantly waiting her coming. Later it was found that continued rest was needful, and an immediate return an impossibility. In an unexpected way she has found the rest she so much needed. Her work has been done rapidly and successfully. She will live in the heart of our Society a sacred and pleasant memory, and a constant reminder of our duty to be as loyal to our convictions as she was to hers.

The day before her death she expressed the thought that we may be grouped in families in heaven. She has gone to meet the father and brother and sister of that large family who are, and always will be, known as "born missionaries."

LAURA A. DEMERITTE.

DEPEND upon it, in the midst of all the science about the world and its ways, and all the ignorance of God and his greatness, the man or woman who can say, "Thy will be done," is in possession of the truest science.

FROM THE FIELD.

FOOD VERSUS APPETITE.

MISSIONARIES in India find their sheet-anchor of good living in milk and eggs. There is little difficulty in finding plenty to eat, and that at cheap prices, but the difficulty is to get appetite enough to eat what there is. The monsoon season, which commences about March 1, and is characterized by the almost continuous south wind that blows a hot gale into one's face who is out in it, is especially reducing. So is the month of October, when the rains have ceased, and the sun seems to be trying to boil the water out of the supersaturated earth. At these seasons, one's appetite fails, and nothing tastes good or even tolerable. Left to his own inclinations, one would wish to eat hardly more than an ordinary slice of bread during the whole day. Of course there are many exceptions to this, but the majority find little satisfaction in what is available for the table.

Milk and eggs are always good, but the former is not at all the kind we get at home. In the first place, the cows from which it is procured are bony, half-starved creatures, whose owners find great difficulty in feeding them properly. The missionaries almost always find it necessary to buy from one to six of them, according to the wants of their families. The ordinary price of a cow is fifteen rupees, equal to about five dollars. This creature is up to the average if a quart and a half of milk can be realized from her at the two milkings of the day. There is a great amount of work in getting it. At first a rope fastens the cow's hind legs together so she is not able to kick. Then the calf, which has been shut up away from its mother, is allowed to come forth and help itself for a minute. At the end of that time it is dragged away and held right under the nose of its mother, and the milker goes to work. When no

more milk is forthcoming the calf is allowed to try again, and so on. Only in this way is there any possibility of getting milk. When the calf is weaned, the cow is dry.

The milk in one respect is different from that we see in America. It gets all curdled and at the same time tastes perfectly sweet. In the cold weather milk can be kept over night without spoiling, but during the greater part of the year, it will be curdled in eight hours after it comes from the cow. The ordinary price of milk when it is bought by the natives is about three cents per quart. Sometimes we are able to get a little butter, but this is of a very inferior kind. It is quite white and looks like curds. The cook churns it, when there is any cream to churn, by shaking it in a bottle until it "comes." One of the old members of the mission says native milk is nothing but "water strained through a cow," and that expresses it pretty accurately.

Eggs are quite plentiful, but are about the size of those of the bantam. They are sold for about two for a cent. Fowls are considered a luxury at home, but here quite the reverse, although, for the greater part of the year, they are our principal meat. They come on the table in a multitude of different forms, according to the versatility of the cook, and the caprice of the appetite. As a general thing we do not consider "hen funeral" a very great rarity. These fowls cost about ten cents apiece, and are small and bony. They are generally killed and put immediately into the pot or oven, before the animal heat has cooled off. That makes them tough, and not very palatable. If they were kept a few hours they would be spoiled. Ducks are to be had at a trifle higher price than chickens, and are subject to the same objections. In the cold season Mohammedans kill beef, and this is quite good, but causes great wrath in the minds of the Hindus, who think it about as great a sin to kill a cow as a human being. H. M. B.

Jellalore, March 30, 1889.

LETTER FROM NATIVE WORKER.

DEAR HELPER :—I think the following letter from a *native worker* in our foreign mission field will be interesting to all your readers, so send it.

H. L. C.

MY DEAR FRIEND :—Accept my love. I was very glad to get your letter, the more so because of the flowers and pictures that came with it. The pictures of flowers are very beautiful, and I love flowers very much. If I could have such flowers I would work very hard to take care of them and make them grow, and when they blossomed I would give them to my friends and tell them, These are not Indian flowers; they came from America.

I sent you a few things. I hope you will write whether you got them or not, and what you think of them if you got them. I am not teaching in the zenanas now, nor in a school, yet I believe I am in the work the Lord has called me to. I will tell you about that work. It is preaching the Gospel.

On the 13th of last March, we went with Miss Coombs to a new village where we could do the Lord's work easily. We couldn't go to all the houses, but went to four, and in those four houses we found thirty-two women. They had never heard the good news of the Gospel before, and the hymns and teachings touched their hearts. They didn't want to let us come away. Others came and called us to go to their houses, but we had to come away for it was getting very hot. The name of that village is Nayapatua. To go and come was about seven miles.

The 27th of March we went to another new village. In this village we could do good work for the dear Jesus, but it was smaller than the other one. It was a long way off, and we had to get up very early. Seems as if I didn't get any sleep that night. To go and come was about twelve miles. Miss Coombs went with us. If you could be here to go too how glad I should be. We found twenty-three women to talk to

that day. The name of that village is Nayagram. This month, April, one day there was a Hindu festival near by, and Miss Butts went with us to that. There were many women present who had come from a distance. There were as many as fifty women gathered around us, and we sang five different hymns and explained them. They listened well.

Your friend,

Midnapore, April 15, 1889.

LOTTIE.

HELPS FOR MONTHLY MEETINGS.

THE August Auxiliary meetings come at a time when the members are more scattered and regular plans are more interfered with than at any other time in the year. We have therefore arranged a brief reading for easy use, even if officers be absent. The answers are taken from *The Missionary Review*.

What is the present condition of Papal Europe?

In no part of the world, perhaps, have changes more radical and revolutionary taken place, within a quarter of a century past, than in Papal Europe. Dr. Burt used to say, Here the vital question is, how to make the people evangelical believers; on the continent it is, how to secure prevalence of Protestantism; and in the East it is, how to displace heathenism by Christianity.

Give some facts about Austria.

Mr. Schauffler testified from a residence of years in Austria that the moral degradation was greater far than in this land among the same classes. We do not know Romanism here. There it fosters licentiousness, both in its grosser and more refined types, so that the maxim has been framed, "The nearer to Rome, the nearer to hell." Think of Raphael painting Madonnas and lewd pictures for the bed-rooms of cardinals; of

modest girls fleeing in terror from the confessional because its secrecy was the shelter for audacious proposals; of government providing hospitals for women *enciente* so that they may never know what disposition is made of their illegitimate children! The people of Papal Europe are very religious and very worldly.

What of the past and present of Spain?

There is fascination in the very name of Spain. The vivid pen pictures of Spanish life, enhanced by the surroundings of romance and tradition, while away many an hour of summer resting-time. In reading the religious history also of the land, one's soul is stirred. The events of the First Reformation and the terrible sequel form an unequalled chapter. The account of the beginnings and the history of the Second Reformation, after three centuries of Papal rule, is of no less interest, although the Inquisition has forever lost its power. In this Reformation American Christians have had a part. Twenty-five years ago it was a crime to possess a Bible — punishable with imprisonment. To-day the Bible is printed in the capital city of Madrid. Those who have not known the history of these years can little realize the progress made. The Church of Rome has lost its controlling power over the nation. Many, it is true, as in France, are drifting into indifference or atheism; but others, really religious by nature, accept the pure Gospel of Christ, and there is a growing evangelical church which will probably never again be uprooted.

Give the story of the establishment and growth of the McAll Mission.

France, Spain, Italy, Austria, were seemingly hopeless fields for mission work. At peril of liberty, if not of life, men undertook to circulate Bibles or preach pure Gospel.

Suddenly, in France, an opening was apparent. M. Bouchard, the Mayor of Beaune, M. Reveillaud and others rebelling against clericalism, not yet prepared to espouse Protestantism, aroused France by their protests against Papacy. Really

protesting, but not Protestants ; tired of a system of superstition and suppression, declaring themselves opposed to priestly domination and Papal supremacy, they led on a reaction from the monarchistic idea in church and state. Just at this time God sent R. W. McAll to Paris. A man providentially raised up — fitted for a work fitted for him. He was at first on a visit to Paris at the close of the Franco-Prussian war, distributing tracts on boulevard and in hotels, when he was addressed by a working-man in Belleville. It was another voice of the Macedonian, "Come over and help us."

Mr. McAll went, and manifested singular tact, opening a simple hall, or *salle*, a small room with a few chairs, a desk, a reed organ, and a Bible ; no priest, no ceremony, no altar, no elaborate ritual. Brief prayers, evangelical songs, fifteen-minute addresses, etc., were the only attraction. The working people had never seen anything like this. They had accustomed themselves to think of the church and religion as a costly thing ; here not a centime was asked : they were used to an elaborate ceremonial ; here no rites : they had long felt the power of a priest holding them in bondage at the confessional ; here no priest, no confessional-box, not even the name of a church, not even the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper. It was very strange. Here was a new revelation of a church without any offensive churchly features, all previous obnoxious characteristics eliminated. They were drawn to McAll and his work, and now, after these fifteen years, he stands at the head of the most amazing evangelical and evangelistic work ever seen in Papal countries, and which promises the ultimate regeneration of France. More than one hundred and twenty *salles* are now open from night to night, and crowded. The largest band of voluntary workers in any such work in Christendom are connected with these meetings.

What growth can be reported in Spain?

The Protestant church of Spain numbers at present 112 chapels and school-houses, 111 parochial schools, with 61 male

and 78 female teachers, 2,545 boys and 2,095 girls. There are 80 Sunday-schools, with 183 helpers and 3,231 scholars. The churches are ministered to by 56 pastors and 35 evangelists. The number of regular attendants is 9,164; of communicants, 3,442. Pastor F. Fliedner reports steady progress on all sides.
—*Christian at Work.*

HOME DEPARTMENT.

"HE LEADETH ME."

"IN pastures green?" Not always; sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be;

Out of sunshine, warm, and soft, and bright,
Out of the sunshine into darkest night,
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright,

Only for this,—I know He holds my hand;
So whether led in green or desert land,
I trust, although I may not understand.

"And by still waters?" No, not always so;
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storm beats loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I."

Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day;
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So where He leads me I can safely go;
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why, in His wisdom, He hath led me so.

—*N. E. Journal of Education.*

PRACTICAL CONSECRATION.

EACH morning I seek to give myself to my Master for the one day, saying, "Take me, Lord, and use me to-day as thou wilt. Whatever work thou hast for me to do, give it into my hand. If there are those thou wouldst have me to help in any way, send them to me. Take my time and use it as thou wilt. Let me be a vessel, close to thy hand, and meet for thy service, to be employed only for thee and for ministry to others in thy name."

It is a complete signing away of one's personal rights, and an utter transfer of one's plans and desires into the hands of Christ. It is a solemn pledge, too, to accept the plans of the Master for the occupation of the day, no matter how much they may interfere with the arrangements we have made, or how many pleasant things they may cut out of the day's programme.

So, sometimes, the very first person to come into my study in the early golden hour of the morning is a subscription-book agent, or one of those bland gentlemen who want to insure your life, and have a long speech ready to empty into your devoted ears. Or, it may be some pious idler who likes to drop in at the parson's for a good long talk; or one of those peripatetic bores who have no apparent mission in life but to test and discipline the patience of the saints.

My first impulse is to bristle up and stand on my dignity, giving my visitor a very cool reception, taking no pains to hide my annoyance, and very politely dismissing him as soon as possible. But then I remember my morning prayer. I have put my plans and my time out of my own hands into my Master's. I have asked him to send me my work, and to use me in ministering to others, as he would. If I was sincere, I must accept this man as divinely sent me, for some good, which it is in my power to impart to him. If I would carry out the spirit of my consecration, I must not bristle up, nor stand on my dignity, nor show any annoyance at the interruption, nor do aught to pain or hurt my visitor.

I cannot buy books ; I do not want any more insurance on my life ; I cannot give this good man two or three hours of my time to listen to the oft-told story of his exploits, or simply to gossip with him over airy nothings. But it may be that I can send my caller away with a little bit of song in his heart. And a kind, cordial reception, a few minutes' patient interest shown in listening to his story, a few encouraging words, any suggestion or help I may be able to give, would do him more good than if I would buy a book in the gruff, ill-mannered, unchristian way that people generally adopt when they purchase only for charity, or as the easiest method of getting rid of an annoyance. I must at least regard my visitor as sent to me with some need that I can supply, or wanting some blessing, or help, or influence, which I can impart.

So, whatever comes, or whoever, I must remember my morning consecration. There are no chance meetings. If we learn this lesson, it takes the drudgery out of all duties. It lifts up the commonest intercourse of life into angelic ministry. It makes us patient when dealing with the most disagreeable people. It imparts a high, a divine motive to all friendship and companionship. It disciplines our wayward wills in little things, and brings them into subjection to Christ. It takes the frivolity and trifling out of our conversation. It makes us watchful of our influence over others, and ever eager both to give and to receive blessing. Then it makes consecration not a dim, nebulous, far-away, theoretical thing, but a living, practical experience, that charges all life with a divine meaning, and that takes hold of the simplest things in our common, week-day routine, and transforms them into beautiful ministries around the throne of God.—*Words of Truth.*

THERE is not one female missionary to a quarter of a million women for those countries in which they alone can carry the Gospel to the secluded victims, chiefly by the tedious process of visits to the homes.

HEALTH NOTES.

DR. JACKSON, in *The Laws of Life*, calls attention to "a new means of cure." He says: "We must come to realize that the power to resist the onset of disease, as well as to recover from it when once in its possession, resides God-implanted in each individual organism. This vital force is the new remedy, and it is wonderful how practitioners of all schools of medicine are learning to rely upon it, instead of depending on drugs to cure. Physicians now urge, as never before, physiological life and hygienic and sanitary measures as aids to this wonderful life-preserving and life-bestowing power." In order to have this power we must "learn to live rightly," remembering that "the individual has more control of the life force than any other person; so his cure is in his own hands practically. *He must will to get well.*"

Emerson says truly: "It is not inspiration which we owe to narcotics; it is merely counterfeit excitement and fury. The great calm presence of the Creator comes not forth to the sorceries of opium or of wine. The sublime vision comes to the pure and simple soul, in a clean and chaste body."

Here is a word of advice to those who constantly dwell in the atmosphere of their diseases, which is worth heeding: "By the law of mental supremacy, whatever is created in the mind is reflected on the body, and if you dwell continually in the atmosphere of ill health, you are absolutely preventing your own recovery, though you have the most skillful physician in the world; whereas if you *believe in the saving power of nature*, and your mind takes the attitude of faith in the measures adopted for your restoration here, *provided you are curable*, you cannot fail to get well, because "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

Dr. Chuston of Edinburgh affirms that children who are fed largely on meat have a capricious appetite, suffer from indigestion, constipation, catarrhs of the mucous membranes, are unstable in nerves, and have less resisting power in general.

Too much emphasis cannot be put upon the necessity of *being still*, physically, emotionally, and intellectually, at times, in order to recuperate. As one says: "We are a channel for the expression of Divine vitality," but to get it we must become receptive to it by *inward* stillness. We must surrender ourselves willingly and entirely, believing, as MacDonald has said, that there is a great power in quiet, because God is in it.

John Burroughs believes "in walking to health, walking away anxiety, walking away disappointment, walking into renewed youth and happiness."

Helen Densmore, in *Dress*, says: "Women are learning something about better methods in dress, the necessity for physical culture, to the end of developing the powers and beauty of the form divine. When an ambition for health shall fully possess the female mind, woman is sure to rouse from her lethargy and claim her birthright—health; from which will flow beauty, long life, and in short the perfection of her physical being."

DON'T BE SELFISH.

IF it were announced that for a certain price, no matter how high, any woman could procure an infallible secret for making herself attractive, the advertiser would have applications beyond number. Yet there is a bit of knowledge of this order, and it is infallible; but it is not sought for because it is not advertised as a secret, and is not selling at a high figure. It can be put into these three words, "Don't be selfish." Remembered and acted upon daily, hourly, they furnish the keys to the highest pleasures of life, the true beauty of the soul which attracts and pleases as no mere physical beauty can. We find a little story floating about on the newspaper sea which contains the secret for which all are searching and few find, though it has never been concealed. It is only the searchers' eyes that are holden. Read it: "'One great source of pleasing others lies in our wish to please them,' said a father to his

daughter, discussing on 'small, sweet courtesies of life.' 'I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasant to others is to show them attention. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, "who cared for nobody — no, not he — because nobody cared for him," and the whole world would do so if you gave them the cause. Let people see that you care for them by showing them what Sterne so happily called the small courtesies, in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender, affectionate looks and little acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little employment, at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, and standing.' "—*Dress.*

WORDS FROM HOME WORKERS.

MICHIGAN.

[Prepared for Missionary Concert at North Reading, and published by request.]

WELCOME.

BY DELORA C. BAKER.

Unto me the part was given
To bid you a kindly welcome here,
To our woman's mission concert,
Which we hold once every year.

And I can with right good spirit,
For my heart is in this work;
And no duty, howe'er arduous,
Would I willing from it shirk.

For we read in Matthew's Gospel,
Go ye into all the world,
Teach all nations, make them Christian,
Let Christ's banner be unfurled.

And we cannot go in person,
But our prayers may follow all

Who are willing, who are ready,
To accept the mission call.

We may help to send them thither
With our copper, silver, gold,
Praying that the increase from it
May become a hundred-fold.

Only think! *twelve hundred million*
Ne'er have heard of Jesus' love,
While His spirit as a blessing
Rests upon us "like a dove."

Then, within our own fair country,
Oh, how many know Him not!
Making harder than the heathen,
We sadly fear, their future lot.

Yes, we gladly bid you welcome,
Once again to hear God's Word.
May you all accept the pardon
Only found through Christ the Lord.

Sisters, welcome to our mission circle,
Welcome to our work of love.
-May your mite and may your influence
Be freely given to God above.

Brothers, welcome to our circle.
We will give you honored seat.
May you daily grow more generous,
"More for the Master's use made mete."

May the stars above us shining
In the stillness of the night,
May the beauty of the flowers,
Glowing in their colors bright,

May the death on Calvary suffered,
God's only remedy for sin,
Make us grateful, make us humble,
Make us, keep us, pure within.

May our grain be grown for Jesus;
May our homes have altars fair,
Where at morn and dewy evening
May be heard the voice of prayer.

Then when life on earth is closing,
Welcome, welcome, may we hear,
To the bright and golden city,
Without one cloud, without one fear.

Welcome, welcome, from the Master,
From those lips so sweet and pure,
Saying, "I'll reward thy tears, thy toil,
All thou didst for Me endure."

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The Woman's Missionary Society held a public meeting Wednesday, June 12, in connection with the N. H. Y. M. Mr. Tyrrell and Mrs. Brewster presented our cause at Harper's Ferry in an able and interesting manner. A large audience was present and showed its appreciation both of addresses and cause by giving a generous collection.

All the Quarterly Meetings reported, excepting the Wentworth. Good work has been done, especially by those that are well organized. The outlook for the coming year is encouraging under the rule of our new secretary, Mrs. Minnie Hunt, Danville, and treasurer, Mrs. Avery of Manchester.

At the business meeting an earnest plea was made for extra contributions for outfit and passage of the missionary returning and the two going out.

M. S. WATERMAN,

President of N. H. W. M. S.

WISCONSIN.

I am very much interested in reading the Words from Home Workers in the MISSIONARY HELPER, and have been thinking perhaps some of your readers would like to hear from the Dallas Auxiliary. This Auxiliary was organized by Rev. F. B. Moulton Dec. 13, 1887. Our object is to build a church. As the people are poor, the fee for membership is only fifty-five cents a member. Five of that goes to the general society. At the end of the year we had raised \$72.55. We made thirty-three yards of carpet, which we have not sold yet. We meet once in two weeks. We open our meetings by singing, prayer,

reading of the minutes by the secretary. Sometimes we have select reading by some one. At other times we work for the society. Our officers this year are: Mrs. U. A. Cooper, president; Mrs. W. H. Logan, vice-president; Miss Emma L. Taylor, treasurer; Miss Lucinda M. Taylor, secretary; Miss Maggie Nicklow, agent for the HELPER. We have thirty-two members this year, and have raised \$30.50, which makes \$103.05 in the treasury now. We are making another carpet this year, and are making other things to sell besides. We are making an autograph quilt. Any one sending us ten cents can have his or her name put on with silk. We are working in hope that by another winter we will be able to build a house of worship, of which we stand in great need.

MRS. NANCY A. TAYLOR, *Sec. pro tem.*

MAINE.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Maine Western Yearly Meeting met at Cape Elizabeth June 20, 1889. A mission meeting was held in the evening, conducted by the president, Mrs. L. G. Clark. Reading of Scripture and prayer by Mrs. V. G. Ramsey. Report of the last Y. M. read by Mrs. A. B. Webber. The exercises consisted of singing, reading of papers, and a responsive reading prepared by the late Mrs. C. E. Dexter, and like all her methods of work proved interesting. This dear sister has left an example worthy of imitation. Very interesting remarks on missionary work were made by Rev. W. J. Twort of Lewiston, after which a collection was taken, amounting to \$7.63. A business meeting was called at 7.30 A. M. Thursday, and the following officers were elected: Mrs. A. B. Webber, president, No. Berwick; Mrs. J. D. Waldron, secretary and treasurer, Springvale; Mrs. L. G. Clark, Y. M. missionary, Parsonsfield. It was also voted to choose one committee out of each Q. M. to assist the Y. M. missionary, and in any necessary work of the W. M. S. The committee are as follows: Mrs. J. C. Osgood, Mrs. Rufus Burbank, Mrs. W. W. Cairn, Mrs. V. G. Ramsey. Our prayer is to interest those who are not thoroughly aroused to this much-needed work.

MRS. J. D. WALDRON, *Y. M. Sec. and Treas.*



LITTLE LAMPLIGHTERS' HYMN.

Tune, "He Leadeth Me."

We come, a little infant band,
To light the lamps in heathen land —
To spread the truth that Christ hath given,
And win benighted souls to heaven.

REFRAIN.

We send them light, we send them light,
When earth is wrapped in darkest night;
Though but a little infant band,
We light the lamps in heathen land.

"Go preach the Gospel," saith the Lord;
"Go teach the nations of My Word:
I'll be with you till time shall end —
I can sustain, and I defend.

—Selected.

HOW CENTS BECAME DOLLARS.

SOME six months ago a friend gave several members of our Children's Missionary Society (Park St., Providence) a cent apiece, for them to see "how much they could gain by trading."

A few nights since, this society gave an entertainment, at which several letters written by the children were read, in which they told how their "cent" grew. Thinking many readers of the HELPER may be interested in the results, I give below extracts from some of these letters.

"Bought some thread with my cent, with which I did some work which I sold for 40 cents."

"I bought a Japanese napkin for a cent, sold it for 5 cents, and then buying some clay pipes, made match safes, and sell-

ing these bought more pipes and made more safes until I had \$1.25."

"I bought material with my cent to buy a pen-wiper, which I sold for 30 cents. I then bought twenty-five cents worth of crash, of which I made towels which I sold for 35 cents. I then purchased some ribbon with which I made fancy blotters which I sold for 55 cents, making together, with several more blotters, \$1.00."

"With my cent I bought a doll and made a pen-wiper which I sold for 3 cents. I spent this for cotton yarn, out of which I made two face cloths which I sold for 20 cents. I then bought more yarn and made some more cloths which gave me altogether 49 cents. I then bought materials for eye-glass wipers, pen-wipers, and watch-cases, for which I received \$1.45, giving me in all \$1.68. I paid fourteen cents for yarn and sold sixty cents worth more of face cloths, which left me \$2.14. I then paid twelve cents for material for pin-balls and emery-bags which I sold for \$1.15, giving me altogether from my cent \$3.17."

All the children did well with their small talent, but this one more excellently than they all. Can any young reader of the *HELPER* in five months do more with a cent? E. G. W.

A CHRISTIAN STAIRWAY.

WHEN I was a little girl I loved to hear my grandfather tell about the time when he fell down into the well. Happily the water was not deep enough to drown him and he was not badly hurt by the fall, but the well was cold and dark, and he nearly died from fright and cold before any one came to his help. But at last a friendly face peered down into the well, and soon a long rope ladder was let down and the poor, trembling, frightened boy toiled up into the light and warmth once more.

Now right in our own country, while we are living in the light and sunshine, there are among us people who are

living away down in the depths of heathenism just as truly as if they were in China, their home land. Now these Chinese people are here, what shall we do with them? It is a shame and a great pity that some make answer, "Persecute them, and make them so unhappy that they will be driven back to China, never again to come to this country."

What then? What sort of a report will they take home? What will they tell their countrymen about this land where all the people know the "Jesus doctrine"?

Is it not much better that we should build Christian stairways out of their ignorance and heathenism up into the light? Something very like this is being done in every city where the Chinamen have come to live, but in San Francisco and the other cities on the Pacific coast we have the largest missions, and it is here where we can best see the great difference between the darkness of their heathen homes and the light of those homes after the love of Christ has shone into them.

There are whole neighborhoods in these cities where the joss-houses, theaters, and the very streets would make us believe that some sort of magic had taken us out of our own country into China itself. Shall we go with our missionary into one of these places which the little Chinese children call *home*?

We go up a long flight of stairs and find ourselves in a room which is so dark that we can at first see but very little. There are two windows in the room, but the shutters are drawn, and it is only after we have become accustomed to the twilight that we see that there are a number of little rooms like cells leading off this living room. There are two women busily sewing, but they take no notice of us except to cast glances out of the corners of their eyes. There are seven children in the room who are laughing and screaming and pointing their fingers at us. It is plain that they have never before seen an American woman in their home. The disorder and dirt are dreadful, and we are glad to get out into the street once more, as soon as the

missionary has promised to come again and teach the girls.

We think that she must have shown us one of the very worst homes, but we find that the people we have been visiting are the wives and children of a rich Chinaman. As we walk through the Chinese quarter, taking peeps down queer narrow alleys, the missionary tells us of homes much more wretched than this. As we listen, we wonder whether any of these people are indeed finding their way to the light. The missionary answers brightly, "Oh, yes! I could take you into many homes in China-town that are clean and sunshiny, where the children's faces are clean and where the sad-eyed mothers have learned to smile. I could show you rooms that were once just like the ones we have visited, that are now bright with singing birds and flowering plants!" Surely these are the people who have climbed up the Christian stairway.

Now we will go into the Occidental school, for Miss Cable has told us that it is among the children that she finds hope in her work. There are children here from all sorts of homes, but most of them are from the more respectable ones; but in nearly every one, rich and poor, there is a household god that is worshiped. We need to remember this, as we sit and listen to the recitations. "It is amusing to see mere babies of five years of age walking in with all the dignity of grown men, carrying huge red portfolios, almost as large as themselves, which contain pen, paper, India ink, and inkstones for rubbing the ink. These are called the 'four precious materials,' because through them education is obtained."

It is pitiful that a number of little girls have their feet bound in the cruel Chinese fashion. Miss Baskin points out one little girl whose feet are free, and tells us that for a long time her mother insisted upon binding her feet, though her father was willing to let them be free. At last, the day after Thanksgiving, she came to her teacher with her face glowing with happiness, and said, "My papa promised teacher long time he no more

make small feet ; now my mamma like all same ; me walk, me run, me too glad ! ”

When the children first come to school they think that Joss has all power, and that their idols have something to do with all wonderful things in heaven and earth. But soon their dark little minds begin to find out about God. One day, after a thunder-storm, their teacher was asking them what made the noise and light. These are some of the answers she received : “ I think *God* have a big drum in heaven.” “ God walks on heaven’s floors.” “ God makes the lightning when he strikes the black cloud with his iron rod.” And another says, “ When the clouds burst, we see the golden streets in heaven.”

The children are taught the Commandments among their first lessons, and this is a letter from one little fellow who could not make the fifth and the second agree :—

DEAR TEACHER :—I will write a few line to you. My father told me go worship idol, say I, no, won’t go. Because you is disobedient me, you is no honor me, then I go. Teacher, please excuse me. I am, say good-bye, YOUR PUPIL.

Does not the little fellow need the help of the Holy Spirit, as to what is the right thing for him to do ?

The children love to hear Bible stories, and they never tire of the Parable of the Prodigal Son. They cannot understand how the father could forgive the wicked son so freely. This is the way one of the boys tells what he should think the father would have said : “ His father talk him, you are very bad boy, you go away, you drink whisky, smoke opium pipe, you like bad peoples. You no more money, no clothes, no shoes ; you all same hoodlum boy. You no can come to my house.” At last the teacher explained that the father did not punish him, but forgave him freely. They asked, “ Where was that bad boy’s mother ? Did she talk that bad boy’s father, let him come home, and give him ring and shoes ? ”

Will it not be blessed when these children learn how ready

the Father is to receive and forgive us, for the sake of his well beloved Son who pleads for us?

We have heard about two of these stairways, out of the darkness into the light, but there is still another of which our picture reminds us. This is the Home where slave girls and poor, wretched outcasts are brought, and taught until they become bright, happy-faced girls. Do you say, "Surely there are no slaves in this country now!" Ah, yes, there are, and this is the darkest, saddest part of China-town life.

We hear of one little girl who was owned by a cruel master. From the time she was five years of age, she was kept at sewing buttons on coarse clothing from the shops. Often she was kept at her task until two o'clock in the morning. When the sleepy eyelids drooped, and the tired hands let the work fall, the cruel master nipped her ears with scissors.

Another little girl, only four years old, was kept all day long stripping tobacco leaves in a factory where rough, rude men were at work.

Look at your own dainty five-year-old sisters, and think of the difference. Does it not make your heart ache?

And this is not the worst, for if these little girls live, and are not saved by Christian people, they will live such dark, dark, wicked lives and endure such cruelty as happy little white children know nothing of. Shall we not hasten to build the stairs upon which the little feet may climb up out of the darkness of sin?—*Children's Work for Children.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WHILE still rejoicing over the safe arrival in this country of Miss Hattie P. Phillips, who has come for a well-earned rest, we are suddenly made sad, oh, how sad! by the sudden death of our beloved Ida. The life, so useful from childhood and so promising for the future, has become linked with interests of eternity, and those of time hold it no longer. How we shall miss the devoted life, the brave spirit, the enthusiastic missionary! Thank God! it will be only a little while and we shall have joined her in the blessed home beyond. For her dear mother, her brothers and sisters, and the bereaved mission in India, we feel the deepest sympathy, and pray that God will tenderly sustain them all.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts for June, 1889.

MAINE.

Atkinson auxiliary.....	\$6 00	Parsonsfield Q. M. auxiliary, general work.....	\$7 50
Abbott church.....	1 00	Palmyra, Mrs. Sweetland.....	.25
Augusta auxiliary, for teacher in place of Emmeline.....	6 00	Palmyra church.....	2 00
Bath, S. S. class of Miss S. Trot, North St. church, for Miss Coombs's work.....	5 00	Sebec Quarterly Meeting col- lection.....	10 62
Bowdoinham auxiliary, for native teacher.....	6 25	Sumner auxiliary, Bible woman with Mrs. Smith...	2 00
Corinna, Mrs. F. D. Tasker, Mrs. S. Copp, Mrs. E. L. Tasker, each \$1 00.....	3 00	Skowhegan, "Reader of the Helper," for F. M.....	3 00
Dover & Foxcroft auxiliary..	5 00	Steep Falls auxiliary, one- half each Mrs. Lightner and Miss Coombs.....	3 50
Dexter, Mrs. O. W. Bridges..	1 00	West Hollis, Try Class.....	1 00
Ellsworth Q. M. auxiliary, for Carrie with Mrs. Burk- holder, \$6 25, general work, \$1 39.....	7 64	West Buxton auxiliary.....	5 50
Ellsworth auxiliary.....	1 25	Weeks's Mills, Mrs. Abel Chadwick.....	5 00
Exeter Q. M.....	3 69		
East Dixfield auxiliary.....	4 00		
Eastbrook, Mrs. Henry But- ler, general work.....	1 00		
East Hebron auxiliary, F. M., and L. M. Miss Miranda R. Merrill.....	5 75		
East Otisfield auxiliary, for Bible woman with Mrs. Smith.....	5 00		
Farmington Q. M.....	4 50		
Gilford Village auxiliary, \$3 00 Mrs. Lightner, \$3 00 Miss Butts.....	6 00		
Limerick E., "Birthday Offer- ing" for O. and P. of mis- sionaries.....	5 00		
Lewiston auxiliary, Pine St. church on Mrs. W. J. Twort's L. M. and Miss Coombs's salary.....	9 00		
Limerick Children's Band.....	4 00		
Lisbon "Little Neighbors," for Miss Coombs.....	7 00		
Lisbon auxiliary.....	7 00		
Milo auxiliary.....	3 25		
Maine Western Y. M. aux- iliary.....	7 63		
New Limerick auxiliary.....	15 00		
Otisfield Q. M., collection for general work and L. M. Miss M. Merrill.....	5 25		

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bristol church, one-half each, Mrs. Lightner and Miss Butts.....	5 00
Belknap Q. M. collection, for same.....	2 00
Center Sandwich, Y. P. Mis- sionary Society for Bible teacher with Mrs. Smith..	6 00
Center Sandwich auxiliary, for Mrs. Lightner's salary....	7 00
Contoocook church, one-half each Miss Butts and Mrs. Lightner.....	9 00
Concord, "Ladies of Concord church" for Mrs. Light- ner's salary.....	5 00
Epsom church, one-half each Miss Butts and Mrs. Lightner.....	15 00
Great Falls auxiliary, Bessie Peckham school at Midna- pore, and on L. M. Mrs. C. M. Dorr.....	10 00
Holderness church, one-half each Miss Butts and Mrs. Lightner.....	1 50
Manchester church, one-half each Miss Butts and Mrs. Lightner.....	13 75
New Hampton auxiliary, for Miss Butts's salary.....	5 50
New Hampton, Y. P. Missiona- ry Society for New Hamp- ton school at Midnapore..	2 00

North Sandwich, "Willing Workers," Harper's Ferry, \$4 00; Zenana teacher in India, \$6 00.....	\$10 00
Pittsfield auxiliary, one-half each Miss Butts and Mrs. Lightner.....	25 00
Sutton church, the same.....	3 00
South Tamworth, M. M. Calley for the same.....	5 00
West Campton church, for the same.....	4 43

VERMONT.

Huntington Q. M. auxiliary, for Mrs. Smith's salary....	10 00
Lyndon Center auxiliary, for same.....	12 50
Washington auxiliary, for same.....	2 25
West Charleston, Mrs. J. J. Wheeler, for same.....	1 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

East Somerville auxiliary, for general work.....	10 00
Lowell auxiliary, Paige Street church.....	23 99
Newton, Mrs. Laura A. D. Blaisdell, for H. M.....	1 00
Taunton auxiliary, Storer College, \$2.00; West. work 3.00	5 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Carolina auxiliary, special contribution for Miss H. Phillips's return.....	2 00
Olneyville auxiliary, Storer College.....	15 00

Providence auxiliary, Greenwich St., Storer College...	\$6 25
Providence, Roger Williams Y. P. S. C. E., H. Phillips, \$8 75; Storer College, \$10 00.....	18 75

MICHIGAN.

Mason auxiliary, one-half each H. and F. M.....	4 00
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IOWA.

Delaware & Clayton Q. M. auxiliary, for O. and P. of Miss. on L. M. Miss Phebe E. Tull, of Edgewood.....	10 00
Spencer auxiliary, for F. M...	5 00

WISCONSIN.

Winneconne auxiliary, for Home work.....	5 00
Winneconne auxiliary, for F. M.....	5 00

MINNESOTA.

Hennepin Co. Q. M. auxiliary, for Coldren Fund.....	5 00
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COLORADO.

Boulder, Mrs. J. R. Brackett..	1 00
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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Stanstead, Smith's Mills, Mrs. Kate for Mrs. Smith's salary.....	50
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Total..... \$448 00

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treas.
Dover, N. H.

